

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1825.

[NUMBER 74.]

THE REFLECTOR.

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That flits not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.
Thus starry star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

FROM THE WHEELING (VIR.) GAZETTE.
EARLY PIETY.

There is nothing so truly commendable in a young man as *early piety*.—Nothing that can add more weight of character, or secure the lasting respect of mankind, than an unostentatious, unaffected, unpretending course of life and conduct, and a strict observance of our religious duties. It secures the esteem of the old, and the admiration of all—it forces respect even from the dissolute and profligate; and although they affect to deride and despise the young man of moral and regular habits, they secretly venerate the courage that can persevere, in despite of their scoff and ridicule, in the "even tenor of its way." We are compelled to admire the stability and firmness of that character, that can in early life, resist the allurements of folly and vice, and turn its back on the guilty, though attractive pleasures of the world, and the vain pursuits and heartless enjoyments, that form, but too often, the recreations and pastimes of unthinking youth. Considerations of duty aside, and throwing out of question the obligations we owe our Maker, one would imagine, that bare policy would dictate a course of steadiness and virtue—that the obvious advantages of such a life, and the manifest contentment and serenity it always procures, would be a sufficient inducement to abstain from practices that yield not happiness, but always bring repentance. Can any sensible but reflecting young man, declare with sincerity and truth, that the boisterous pleasures of dissipation, and the fashionable excesses of riot he has been engaged in, brought peace and satisfaction, or afforded him a pleasing retrospective? He knows that this is the very reverse—the languid body and the troubled mind, have forcibly reminded him of his deviations from propriety—have made an appeal to his better reason, and urged his return to virtue. The writer of this has drunk deeply (in his younger days) of the cup of worldly happiness, and found its dregs were bitterness—he has run the rounds of folly, and found it vanity—he has trod the paths of vice and pleasure, and found they ended in pain and repentance. I urge not a superstitious and severe rejection of reasonable enjoyments; but I only wish to impress on the minds of my young friends, a manly and virtuous detestation of that course of life, that has destroyed the health, the standing, and the prospects of many, who otherwise would have been ornaments to the society that they now disgrace. Acquire in your early life, a habit of sobriety and regularity, and you will soon find that such a course will bring its own immediate and sweet reward. You will soon learn to despise and detest the frivolous enjoyment that once seemed to constitute your only happiness, but which in reality brought nothing but regret, disappointment and disgust. A young man of moral and religious principles, can claim and take a stand in society that nothing else can give him. His character will carry with it its own weight, and command the respect and esteem of all those whose good opinion is worth acquiring. Nothing can be truer than the maxim that declares, "a right course pursued at first, from habit, will be continued from inclination."—A conscience void of offence towards God and man, is of more true value, of more permanent advantage than all the wealth of Peru, and the gratifications it can purchase—to be able to lay your head on your pillow in peace—to be able to cast back a glance on the day that has passed, with a proud consciousness of having performed your duty, is a consolation that none can appreciate, but those who have felt it. And finally, my young friends, if you wish to live respected and honored, and die calm and contented—if you wish the prayers and benedictions of the virtuous to be poured over the earth that covers you, I conjure you by all the regard you have for your present and eternal happiness—by my past experience, and by your own sober and rational reflections, to pursue a life of *early piety*.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.
CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Liverpool, 20th July, 1825.

My last letter, forwarded by the Pacific, informed you of our arrival at this place. We have now been here a week, and before leaving for London, I proceed to give a hasty sketch of Liverpool, premising that the heat of the weather, which appears to me more oppressive than I have ever felt it in New-York, and the necessary fatigue of rambling over the town, have unstrung my nerves and left no inclination for writing. For several days the thermometer has stood at about 90 degrees in the shade; a phenomenon scarcely without a parallel in the annals of the place. Such a temperature is here the more intolerable, since it was unexpected, and the inhabitants are not so well prepared to encounter it, as with us; having no awnings to shade the buildings and side-walks, and nothing cool to allay thirst. A cargo of ice would be worth, in Liverpool to-day, twice as much as a cargo of Cotton. The former would find a ready market, while the latter is at present rather a drug. Some of the wealthier citizens have large and commodious ice-houses, which are entirely empty, owing to the mildness of the last winter.

But to return from this unique introduction; it would be sheer affectation in me to pretend that I felt on landing at Liverpool any of those high and intense emotions, which have thrilled through the hearts of others. The first step upon the shores of our ancestors, the land of story and of song, which has occupied so much of our thoughts from the days of boyhood, awakened few of the ten thousand trains of ideas, with which the Island is associated. There was no kneeling to kiss the parent earth, and less enthusiasm at our debarkation, than was anticipated. Indeed, I can yet hardly realize, that I am in the land of Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Locke, Chatham and Fox. The apathy of feeling may perhaps in some measure be accounted for from our gradual approach. A ride through Ireland; the habit of gazing day after day upon the ruins of castles and other antiquities; a survey of scenery not dissimilar and equally consecrated by genius, had doubtless in some degree blunted the edge of feeling, and rendered curiosity less intense.

Another reason may be found in the external appearance of Liverpool, which is comparatively a modern town, not unlike New-York, although it was founded eight hundred years ago, yet the greater part of it has sprung up within the last half century. By a comparison of its number of houses and population at different periods, I find that its recent growth has been nearly as rapid as that of our metropolis. Not a vestige of its ancient appearance now remains. A spirit of improvement, an accession of population, and the conveniences of commerce have swept away every relic of antiquity, and left no monuments to carry the mind back to other times. Even taste has in many instances yielded to a spirit of enterprise, and been violated by a thirst for gain. The castles of the Moyleux and the Stanleys, have been demolished and removed even to the last stone: new churches are erected on the sites of ancient structures; and the mariner, as he spreads his canvass to the breeze, no longer bends to the image of St. Nicholas, which once rose near the harbor, as the tutelary divinity of the port, to whom the sailor made an offering and implored a blessing upon his voyage. Light-houses, benevolent manufactories and wind-mills (the most unpicturesque of all imagery) crown the neighboring heights, and disappoint the eye in search for any thing venerable.

The streets, houses, shops, and public buildings are in keeping with these outlines. They are of brick and stone, all in a modern style, and differing very little from those of New-York. A moist climate and the great quantity of coal smoke has given the town a dingy aspect. The streets are quite irregular as ours; and Knickerbocker might here find a second edition of his cow-path. There is also the same bustle—the same noise—the same activity through the town. Every one moves with a hurried step, in straight lines, and with an air of business depicted in his countenance. The display of goods in the shop windows is remarkably neat, resembling that of Broadway and Cornhill. When to these circumstances are added similarity of dress and manners in both sexes, and an actual mixture of population in the two places, the difference becomes so slight as to be scarcely observable; and since our arrival at Liverpool, we have in all respects felt ourselves very much at home. The intercourse is in fact so frequent, and the interchange of inhabitants so common, that the resemblance between New-York and Liverpool is much more striking, than the remote parts of our own country.

The first objects, which arrested our attention on arriving at this place, were its splendid docks. These far exceed any thing of the kind I had before seen, or which I probably shall see, to whatever countries my tour may extend. The disadvantages of nature have here been counterbalanced by the works of art; and what seemed an insurmountable barrier to the conveniences of trade has led to its greatest facilities. Such are the achievements of wealth, enterprise, and perseverance. The tides in the estuary of the Mersey, which rise twenty-five or thirty feet, are so rapid that vessels cannot with any kind of convenience lie along its shores, to take in their cargoes. At low water, their docks would be fifteen or twenty feet below the wharves, along which as one walks, he sees boats sailing far beneath him.

These embarrassments induced the merchants to construct artificial channels resembling the locks and basins of canals, extending into the very heart of the town, and to the doors of the warehouses. Vessels go in at flood tide; the gates are then closed; and sufficient water is retained for purposes of navigation, from one wharf to another. These are called *wet docks*. In other basins vessels are high and dry at ebb tide. The latter are distinct from the docks, where ships are caulked and repaired, with as much ease as they could be upon the stocks. It is in vain for us to look for the same conveniences at New-York; as the tide is not equal to the depth of the harbor. The difficulty may however in some measure be obviated by excavations, and by works of art. There is scarcely any thing, which the ingenuity of our countrymen has not been able to accomplish, and there is no deficiency of enterprise, I believe, in the Dry Dock Association.

The Liverpool docks are constructed of large stones, accurately hewn, and adjusted with the most exact masonry. Their sides are as smooth and as handsome as the walls of a house. Vessels move or lie by the side of them, without the slightest attrition. Some idea may be formed of the expense of these gigantic works, when it is known that upwards of four miles of artificial wharf has been constructed in this way

with a perpendicular wall thirty feet in height. For the greater part of this distance the channels are artificial, in some places excavated, and in others filled up. On the walls, the feet are marked from 1 to 30, corresponding to the marks on the prow of the ship, so that the depth can be ascertained at a glance. Across the channel, swing-bridges, like the locks of a canal, some of them of cast iron, are placed at convenient distances. The piles along the wharves are also in some instances of iron. In short, the whole structure seems calculated to endure for ages.

The view of these docks, filled with the commerce of the world, and presenting a forest of masts, rising among the houses and stores in the various parts of the town, is at once strikingly novel and interesting. It is by far the most peculiar and prominent feature in the town. The most rigid regulations are enforced in the police of the docks. A fire would be destructive not only to all the shipping in a basin, but would also endanger the neighboring stores and houses. Such accidents are guarded against, by prohibiting the smoking of cigars upon the wharves, the importation of gun powder within the docks, and other regulations equally strict. The officers live in buildings erected purposely along the quays, and are constantly upon the alert. To one who takes an interest in commercial affairs, or in naval architecture, a walk by the side of the wharves, where vessels may be seen from almost every port on the globe, is both instructive and agreeable. Prince's dock is the most splendid; and it so happens that this is the rendezvous of vessels from the United States. They are decidedly the finest ships in the port, both externally and internally. You may tell a Yankee vessel, as far as you can see her. She sits like a Swan upon the water, with her deck forming a beautiful curve, and her bow not so round and full as those of other nations.

In many places by the sides of the docks, open buildings in the form of markets, have been erected to protect sea-faring men and merchants as well as their merchandise from the inclemency of the weather, in loading and unloading vessels. Some of the warehouses also have piazzas, which are extremely convenient in case of rain. In short no expense has been spared in promoting and facilitating the commerce of the port. The stores are spacious and commodious, some of them being twelve or fourteen stories high, with tackles for raising articles expeditiously to the upper lofts.

Between the range of docks and the Mersey is an extensive walk, called the Parade, with a massive brick wall something like ten feet in height, and about a mile in extent. Its utility is not obvious, and certainly it is very little conducive to ornament. The one on the immediate margin of the river, forming a railing to the perpendicular wall, is apparently more necessary, to prevent persons in the night from tumbling down a precipice of 30 feet. At convenient distances along this high embankment are flights of stone steps, and in one place, there is a road passable with horses, to the edge of the water, forming a place for embarkation, in the steam-boats and other vessels.

There is a striking peculiarity in the carts and dray-horses of this town. Both are heavy beyond any thing which has met my observation. One of the carts, I should think, would outweigh four of ours, forming a load for an ordinary team. They are apparently more unwieldy than Pennsylvania wagons. The horses, however, are proportionably large, being of the real Broadbennag breed. Their legs are like mill-posts. They are well fed, strong, but clumsy. They lumber along the streets, with a jar like the carriages of heavy artillery, carrying sometimes three or four tons at a load. It is said these horses degenerate, when exported to other countries. An anecdote was related to us, which, if it were strictly true, would be strongly illustrative of their strength. A carman it is said was employed with his span in drawing lumber from a ship; the Captain was provoked with the tardiness of the process, and ordered the driver to whip up his team; the horses had in tow a large stick, and in quickening their pace, carried away the stern of the ship! I do not record this as an absolute matter of fact; it is enough to say that the dray-horses in this city are of very extraordinary size and strength.

Soon after our arrival, a gentleman who came passenger with us, and to whose polite attentions we are greatly indebted, conducted us to the Exchange, which is on a scale commensurate with the other commercial conveniences of the town. It is in truth a magnificent pile of buildings, said to be unequalled by any thing of the kind in Great Britain, or perhaps in the world. It is almost as well known in the United States, as it is in England, and any notice of it may seem to be superfluous. But should my letters embrace only what is new to our readers, they would be as laconic as the correspondence between Sam Foote and his mother; for I am treading at every mile a beaten track, over which tourist after tourist from our country has travelled. I am actually afraid to look at the sketches of my predecessors, lest indolence should lead me into temptation, or the perusal of other journals disclose to me, how stale must be the materials of my own. Our readers must permit me to write, as if I were the first traveller, instead of the last. They must expect "a bushel of chaff to a kernel of wheat," in a series of sketches, written *currente calamo*, embracing topics both new and old. So here comes the Liverpool Exchange, described perhaps for the five hundredth time:

This beautiful edifice occupies three sides of a square, which is 197 feet by 178, and paved with flags. It is two stories high, built of a kind of free stone from Foxthorpe Park, resembling that in the rear of our City Hall or the Academy at Albany, though lighter colored and not so handsome as either. Its proportions are uncommonly fine, and its Corinthian pillars, as well as the magnificent arches supporting the piazzas, show to very great advantage, being rich, chaste, and highly ornamental. The lower story of the eastern wing is thrown into a spacious room for the accommodation of merchants and the transaction of business. It is furnished with newspapers, and mercantile conveniences of every description. On the wall is an index, in the form of a large clock, showing the direction of the wind; the hand shifting with every gust. An accurate registry is kept of all the arrivals, and of vessels below, communicated by signals. Here also the state of the market may be learned from a record of the public sales, and the articles entered at the Custom House. In the second story is Lloyd's Room; and adjacent are a coffee-room and other apartments for the use of merchants. The remainder of the building is occupied by the counting-rooms and offices of individuals.

In the centre of the area is a monument commemorative of the four naval battles of Lord Nelson—St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. It is built of Westmoreland marble, of a sombre hue, suited to the character of the ornament. The device appeared to me to be very bad taste, but the execution

admirable. From the basement rises a circular pedestal, around which are ranged four naked images in chains, in the attitude of weeping their captivity. Over the head of each, on the circular column, are four times repeated the memorable words of Lord Nelson, before the battle of Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty." As much as to say, it is the duty of England to keep the rest of the world in chains. The device is a barbarous expression of power, without its attendant of either justice or mercy. It was gratifying, however, to find no emblem of America in the group of captive nations. As a work of taste, the monument appeared to me too crowded and wanting in simplicity. Nelson is represented in a dying attitude. Death's skeleton hand is extended from the folds of a flag, and placed upon his breast; and above, the figure of Glory is putting the fourth crown of victory upon his sword. There is also an incongruity in the design. A British sailor, full armed, is in the act of leaping forward to avenge the death of Nelson—for what? for conquering his enemies and confining them in chains! The whole expense of this pile of buildings, with its appurtenances, cost about £200,000, raised by subscription.

Extract of a Letter from an officer of the 6th Regiment of the U. S. Army, dated
Mandan Village, Upper Missouri, July 27, 1825.

"I have written twice since we left the Big Bend, but for want of conveyance have been compelled to commit them to the 'dark and turbulent waves of the Missouri,' as one of our Missouri editors terms it. The Sioux and Chyans, (we met them at the Little Missouri,) were astonished at our artillery as displayed, mounted, with horses, and in firing the shells, shot, &c. The battery passed in review at full speed at a trot. Most of the Chyans never saw a white person before, not even the traders of this country. They are the finest and wildest looking Indians we have yet seen: they are the genuine children of nature; they have, unlike other Indians, all the virtues that nature can give, without the vices of civilization. These must be the men described by Rousseau, when he gained the medal from the Royal Academy in France. They are artless, fearless, and live in the constant exercise of moral and Christian virtues, though they know it not. They have a wildness in their gestures, and a rolling of their eyes, peculiar to them, so far as I have seen. The Aricaras are fine looking men. We saw many of them fall and where they were buried.* I walked over the famous battle ground, and who ever walked over without feeling inspired, or at least, pretending so to be? I will be in fashion:

The wild rose and daisy now grow on the sod,
Where oft times these wild men have fearlessly trod;
The green grass and prairie pear,
Start up and flourish there,
And point out the place of the savage's sleep.
Spirit of the west,
Awake from your rest,
And over the tombs of the brave come and weep.

"In coming here, we saw immense herds of buffalo; for two days we were not out of sight of them. In one day we killed buffalo, elk, swan, geese, ducks, white wolves, hares, and saw tracks of the grisly bear. We have four young buffaloes, five young grisly bears, foxes, lynxes, prairie dogs, eagles, magpies, hawks, and owls, tame or taming in the fleet. We have a review to-morrow, before the Mandans, Gros-Ventres and Crows. To-morrow night I shall fire about a dozen howitzers, and put up thirty rockets. One boat is to be left here until our return from the Yellow Stone. Some parts of this country are beautiful in the extreme.

"The Indians on our first appearance, are considerably shy, but soon become troublesome. We spent the 4th of July at the Little Missouri, on the Teton river."

* In the battle between the U. S. troops under Col. Leavenworth, in 1822.

CATARACT IN NORWAY.

Norway may boast a cataract or water fall, much superior to that of Scafallhausen on the Rhine, or even to the famous fall of Niagara. It was discovered or noticed for the first time about twelve years ago, by professor Esmark. This circumstance of so late discovery is attributed to its very remote situation in the most lonely part of the interior, and to the fact, that very few travellers go to the Hyperborean regions to make observations. It is situated in the district called Tallemarken, and is called Riaken Fossen; which in Norwegian language signifies the *smoke of water falling*. Doctor Schow, of Copenhagen, visited this fall in 1812, and his account of it is the most interesting and probably most correct.

M. Schow could not fail to be struck with astonishment at the view of this magnificent spectacle of human nature, so imposing and tremendous to the senses. The fall is by far the most considerable in the spring, when the snow melts from the mountains. This immense descent consists, properly speaking, of three falls; two upon inclined planes, each of which, separately, would form such a cataract as is no where to be seen, and the last is an abrupt, precipitate, and perpendicular descent. Professor Esmark made a measurement of this last fall, and rates it at 800 feet in height! The volume of water, which is precipitated down this immense height, is very considerable, and is supplied by a large river called the Mammelven. This is probably the greatest fall of water in the world, when we consider both its height and the large mass of water that tumbles over it.

FOREIGN.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT PORTSMOUTH.

On Wednesday last, his Majesty's ship *Princess Charlotte*, intended to carry 110 guns, (the largest ship ever built here,) was launched at this Dock-yard, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. It is with the deepest sorrow we state, that whilst this event was passing in view of tens of thousands of persons, with all the interest and admiring feelings which so magnificent a spectacle must ever produce, the appalling attention of a vast number of persons was arrested, in their way to the sight, by a more afflicting and terrific accident than a long course of past eventful years of war produced here, and which took place about ten minutes before the ship went off the slip. Our readers, perhaps, are not generally aware, that over the gates of every dock, in the Dock-yard, and connected therewith by iron stanchions, is thrown a light bridge or barge, of four planks width, for the general convenience of passing to and fro, and shortening the distance to various parts of the yard. In the short passage from the entrance of the Dock-yard to the slip on which the *Princess Charlotte* was built, are three of these bridges, each about seventy feet long. Connected with the first bridge is a spacious basin, into which it was intended the *Princess Charlotte*, on being launched, should be floated, preparatory to being taken into what is called the angular dock, to be coppered. An increased quantity of water had been let into the basin for the purpose. At the hour of 12 o'clock, this bridge was crowded with persons passing over it to view the launch, when the weight of the water in the basin (and probably agitated by the motion kept up on the bridge) pressed so ponderously against the dock gates, that they broke into pieces, and in an instant the dock was filled by a tremendous rush of water from the basin, carrying along, in its resistless course, the gates in fragments, bridge rails, work-stages, and all the passengers on the bridge, excepting such only as were within a few feet of the extremities. How many persons were on the bridge, and thus were suddenly precipitated into the dock, is not known: it is hoped their number did not exceed thirty. The terrific rush of water towards the bridge and dock head, throwing up the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, intermingled with all the destructive mass of agitated fragments, to a height of several feet above the masonry work, and its revulsion towards the basin, was a sight dreadfully appalling. An intelligent gentleman, who was within twenty yards of the fatal spot, thus describes the scene: "He says: 'I was within twenty yards of the bridge when I heard a scream, and looked towards the bridge; it had the appearance of an inverted arch, and I distinctly saw several persons run off at both ends. I should think from fifteen to twenty. In a moment a dreadful crack was heard, and another scream from the persons precipitated into the water; at the same instant a tremendous rush of water issued into the dock, which was impelled with rapidity not to be conceived of but by those who saw it, forming a stupendous wave, bearing on its surface many of the struggling sufferers, mingled with large fragments of broken timber, all which was dashed with inconceivable fury against the other end of the dock, and which, from its impetuosity, again rebounded in a curling wave, whose height was at least ten or twelve feet above the level of the yard, carrying in the tremendous conflict the bodies of the sufferers, large pieces of timber, cloaks, hats and clothes of the unfortunate victims, and again rushed back to fill the hollow which had been created in the surface by its own velocity. 'Oh! my God! my God!' was the exclamation of the beholder, and a momentary stupor took possession of the mind, which was affected by the conviction that the unfortunate victims must, in that instant, have been dashed to inevitable death against the stone work of the basin. The silence was but for a moment; for immediately afterwards appeared in different parts of the basin the bodies of the sufferers, some in the agonies of death, others in a state of insensibility, and one or two apparently not much injured, but still exposed not only to the horrors of drowning, but to those of coming in contact with the pieces of scattered timber which the agitated uprush of the water was dashing one against the other. Persons on the banks stripped their coats and hats, and were about to plunge in to rescue such as were near the brink, but for some minutes, until the agitated surface of the water was stilled, it would have been perfect madness; and those minutes were fatal to several. There was one person, apparently an interesting female, with short, dark hair, and apparently a purple pelisse, who was uncommonly buoyant. I said to her, 'Take hold of that piece of timber, and it will save your life.' She heard me, and clasped in her hand a more chip. Some one threw in an umbrella to her, but she was too far gone to reach it. I rushed to the other end of the basin, and urged a boat to come, and they wanted no persuasion. As it passed the wharf I jumped into it, and pointed out the spot where I had one moment before left this female. She was gone, but we had the satisfaction to save an old man, who was lifted ashore; and again we proceeded to the work of mercy. The female rose again, I think from the buoyancy of her clothes, and was rescued by the intrepidity of two individuals, whose names deserve to be recorded amongst the most valuable members of society. One was a Lieutenant in the Navy, and the other a young man in colored clothes, who I have ascertained is a tailor of the name of Seagrave. The Lieutenant, (Purvis,) with a coolness peculiar to his profession, jumped into the water and got hold of this female, who was still sufficiently conscious to lay hold of him, and to hold him with a firm grasp, and it seemed extremely doubtful whether or not both him, but still supported her for a long time, when Seagrave jumped into the basin to his rescue, and effected the safety of both by conveying a rope across a piece of timber, and all were brought to shore; and the female, I understand, was restored. I have heard her name, but I will not give it, lest it should be mistaken. Whoever she is, she owes her life to these two; and it is difficult to say which is most deserving of praise.

In the bitterness of my mind, I went with fear and trembling in search of my own family, eight of whom I had reason to believe must have been near the spot at the moment of the disaster, and one of whom had crossed the bridge a minute before. It was near three-quarters of an hour before I found them, and never shall I forget the anguish of that hour.

By the most persevering activity, the bodies of seven dead persons were taken to the Dock-yard Surgery in less than half an hour, and six persons were conveyed there who had been rescued from the dock with bruises only. Not one of the inanimate persons presented the least appearance of mere suspended animation, but they all had evidently been killed by violent bruises, from concussion among the wreck of the dock gates, or against the sides of the dock.

In the course of the night eight bodies more were grappled up; and on the following afternoon another was discovered, having floated out of the dock into the basin. It must be gratefully acknowledged, that, under all the circumstances, as an afflicting Providential occurrence, it has been attended with a smaller comparative portion of human woe than any could venture to hope. Had the accident occurred in the working hours of any one day in the preceding week, not less than three hundred human beings would,

most likely, have been the victims, and upwards of one thousand children (it is accurately ascertained) have been fatherless. More than this number of men were at work in the dock. Had it occurred an hour sooner than it did, nearly one hundred workmen would have probably perished. They had happily completed their work in getting the dock ready, and had gone to be spectators of the launch.

GREEK NATION. The *London Courier* contains an article in which it is stated, that the British Com. Hamilton had said, he should respect the blockades regularly declared by the Greek authorities. This is considered as tantamount to an acknowledgment of the Independence of the Greek nation by Great Britain.

A letter from an officer of the U. States ship *North Carolina*, dated at Gibraltar, Oct. 15th, mentions, that the squadron after leaving Smyrna, proceeded to Napoli, the Greek capital, and were received with every demonstration of joy and respect. Most of the political news in the latter has been anticipated. It says, "The Greeks can make no head against Ibrahim, who has overrun the Morea, with about 10,000 men, disciplined and officered by Frenchmen." But it speaks of Napoli as "being very secure in its fortifications, being almost another Gibraltar."—*Best. Cent.*

It is ascertained that 312 houses and buildings were demolished and more or less injured in the gale at Trinidad, Cuba, on the 1st of October. A wharf recently built at an expense of \$30,000, was entirely washed away. A meeting was to be held for the relief of the indigent sufferers. The crops and buildings in the neighborhood and interior, were also materially injured.

FOREIGN OBITUARY NOTICES.

Died, recently in England, the Rt. Hon. FREDERICK HOWARD, Earl of Carlisle, aged 78. He was the eldest member of the House of Peers, having occupied his seat 57 years. Although a poet, an author, a politician, legislator and diplomatist, he never rose much above mediocrity in any thing. He was, however, a friend and munificent patron of the arts, and Artists, which was much better. As a public man he was not very conspicuous. Those who remember the scenes of the American revolution will recollect that he was at the head of the Commission which arrived from Great Britain in 1788, (composed of himself, William Eden and George Johnson,) for the purpose of effecting an accommodation with the United Colonies short of the acknowledgment of their Independence. The blunders of the commissioners at their outset, and the bad success of the mission, were then principally attributed to the inexperience and lack of talents of the noble head of it. His affair with the Marquis de La Fayette is also well known. He had charged the Marquis with unworthy motives and conduct in his adherence to the American cause; and was challenged by the Marquis. He declined the combat, and thought the dispute might be better settled by a meeting between the armies of Gen. Washington and Gen. Clinton. The wit at the time remarked, that the Commissioner was punctilious in adhering to the Peer's privilege of acting by proxy. The manner in which the prose and poetry of the noble Lord have been handled by Lord Byron and the once popular "Pindar," are known to the reading world. His friends complain that Byron never relented his attacks on Carlisle, as he had done those on other antagonists. In the instance of the Earl, say they, Byron's friendship came first, and his abuse afterwards. He was of the Whig party, and held office with the Fox party in 1806. He is said to have died possessed of one of the best collections of Paintings in England.

Died, near Florence, in Italy, in July last, MARIE PAULINA BUONAPARTE, Princess of Borghese, aged 45, second sister of the late Napoleon Buonaparte. For many years she occupied much of the attention of the world, and was considered one of the most extraordinary women of the age; and that it was in an eminent degree owing to her efficient aid and advice, that her brother undertook and executed his memorable escape from Elba. From the high situations she filled she had numerous opportunities to acquire wealth, which she appears to have well improved, and to have left at her decease an immense property, notwithstanding the losses she must have sustained at the Restoration in France, and the sums she expended in assisting her family in the reverse of its fortune. A copy of her Will has been published in the European papers, dated at Villa Stozzi, 8th July, 1825. By this instrument she has left property to a large amount in over eighty legacies. She has named her heirs, and residuary legatees, Louis and Jerome Buonaparte, Ex-Kings of Holland and Westphalia, and Caroline Buonaparte, the relict of Murat, formerly King of Naples.

The following are a part of the bequests made by her, which are extracted from among many others, and show the nature and extent of her affections, and ample means, viz:—

To each of the three children of Jerome B. (by his second wife) 30,000 francs with accumulating interest, to be paid them on their coming of age. To Napoleon, son of Louis, and Charlotte, daughter of Jerome, a Villa in Rome. The property not to be alienated, under penalty of being added to the endowment of the Hospital of St. Spirito. To Napoleon B. son of Napoleon, Ex-Empire, the Villa, &c. of St. Martino, in Elba, the *lamban* of porcelain used at Napoleon's coronation, a box of perfumes, and the little bijou of gold left to her by the Ex-Empire, as tokens of her tender affections, and to remind him of one of the most glorious epochs of his late father. To Cardinal Fesch (her uncle) an English Berlin. To Lucien Buonaparte 20,000 francs, to be paid with interest to his son Paul, on his coming of age. She adds, that although she has cause to complain of Lucien, she forgives him, and makes the bequest to his son as a proof of her sincerity. To her husband, Prince Borghese, she bequeaths a life estate in her Villa at Lucca, as a small acknowledgment of the sincere solicitude he evinced during her long illness. She says, she is fully aware that their temporary separation was the effect of peculiar circumstances, and declares his conduct towards her brother Napoleon had ever been loyal and faithful. At his decease, the Villa is to devolve to the Princess Zenaide, daughter of Joseph B. wife of Lucien's eldest son. To her brother Joseph she leaves only two vases of porcelain. "He is," she says, "better provided with the goods of fortune than his brothers are." To Jerome's son, born in America, of Miss Patterson, she gives 20,000 francs. To her niece Louise, and daughter of Caroline B. (widow of Murat,) 30,000 francs, and to her nephews Achilles and Lucien, 30,000 francs each. To Letitia Peoli, another of Caroline's daughters, a fine dress and Cashmere shawl; and to Louise, her gold medallion, containing the Emperor's hair, and her watch adorned with pearls. To her niece, the Countess of Noa, 2000 dollars; and to the Princess Gabriella, another niece, a fine Cashmere shawl. To her sister-in-law, wife of Lucien, her steel measure;

and to Prince Felix Baciocchi, a fine Vermorel candlestick. To her sister Caroline Murat, her house, furniture, &c. at Viareggio. To her sister-in-law Princess Catharine (wife of Jerome) her beautiful fine pelisse, which belonged to the Emperor. To her niece, Madame Napoleon, Countess Camerata, and her brother, 15,000 francs each. To her five godchildren, she leaves a fine veil, a shawl, and bijoux, and 24,000 francs in money. To the (English) Duke of Hamilton, her gilt *necessaire*. To the Duke of Devonshire, her small medal case of cast iron, left her by the Emperor. To the Duchess of Hamilton, two fine porcelain vases. To Lord Gower, her tea service of porcelain of Sevres, exhibiting portraits of celebrated females. To Lord Holland her library at Rome. To Cardinal Rivarola, Para, Zuria, and Spana, a service of porcelain, two candelabras, a clock, basin, ewer, and her *lindaulet*.

To her physician, medical attendants, cook, chambermaids, valets, &c. various articles of her toilet, and sums of money; and to the poor of Viareggio, Rome, and Ajaccio, in Corsica, about \$1200.—She requires that her body should not lie in state, as usual, but be embalmed, sent to Rome, and be entombed in the Chapel belonging to the Borgia family. She declares, that she dies "under the cruel and horrible sufferings of a long illness," with Christian resignation, and without an emotion of personal hatred or animosity. She appoints her husband as Executor of her property in Tuscany and Lucca, and Cardinal Rivarola for that in the Papal States. Her funeral, as requested, was private, and her remains were deposited in the most magnificent chapel in the world.

DOMESTIC.

THE BRANDYWINE FRIGATE.

The *Baltimore Patriot* contains extracts of a letter from a Midshipman of this frigate, dated at Cowes, 7th October, of which the following is an abstract:—"Several heavy gales proved our new ship to be a superior sea boat to any I have ever before sailed in; and one of the fastest sailers in our service. We have only one fault to find, that is, she slips many seas, which makes her wet and uncomfortable. But I believe that it is in a great measure owing to her having too much ballast on board. When we arrived off Havre we sent a boat on shore to inform the American Consul of our arrival, and for him to send a steamboat to land the General; and were informed by a boat, that a boat would be along side by 9 o'clock, with all the General's family. They came off at the appointed time. The General stood in the gang way, and his son in the cabin, to receive them there. Such joyful embracing I never saw. A salute was fired of 24 guns. They all left the ship in two hours. After they had all left the ship, another salute of 17 guns was fired, and the men cheered the General. We then made sail for Gibraltar. At the end of the first 24 hours came on a very heavy gale, and being near to a lee shore, we were obliged to get a pilot, and run into Cowes."

From Lt. Com. GREGORY to the Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. Frigate *Brandywine*, Cowes, }
Isle of Wight, Oct. 3, 1825. }
SIR—I have the honor to inform you, that, after having landed Gen. LAFAVETTE and suite, at Havre, on the 5th inst. this ship immediately proceeded to the westward, on her way to Gibraltar, and had advanced, although the weather was thick and bad, with adverse winds, as far as Start Point, off which she encountered a very heavy blow from S. W. and continued with great violence for twenty hours; when it gradually hauled to the westward, became a settled and violent storm, and compelled me, very reluctantly, to make a harbor; but as it was a measure, and in all reasonable probability the only one which could have insured the safety of the ship, I trust you will approve of the course I adopted. I held no council of war upon the subject, because it was not necessary; after passing a dreadful night, and seeing some of the strongest canvass deserting the yards, I ran in for Portland, and with much difficulty procured a Pilot and ran down to this port, and anchored last evening. The gale still continues with unabated violence, and vessels still are driven in before it hourly, for shelter.

All the repairs, excepting a little caulking, which the ship requires, will be done within ourselves; and in time to permit taking advantage of the first change of wind and weather. The ship behaved remarkably well. The crew are in good health and spirits.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
FRAN. H. GREGORY.

Hon. SAMUEL L. SOUTHWELL,
Secretary of the Navy.

A letter from the frigate, dated the 12th Oct. says, "We have a deal of company to visit our ship, more particularly British naval officers, who pronounce her the finest ship ever yet in England."

SHOCKING BARBARIETY. On Wednesday night, as a gentleman of Montreal was returning home from a friendly party, at about half past 11 o'clock, he was accosted, near the National School, in most piteous accents, by a female, who, he was both astonished and shocked to discover, as she drew near the light of a lamp, to be in a state of nudity, without the slightest possible covering that could either answer the purposes of decency, or protect her from the inclemency of the weather; and also with her hands and arms strongly and tightly pinioned behind her: so much so, indeed, that we were informed by the gentleman himself, that having no knife, it took him more than twenty minutes to unbind the unfortunate woman. The statement which she gave of herself, on being questioned, not appearing sufficiently satisfactory to her liberator, he threw his great-coat over the shivering sufferer, and followed her home, when he was quickly convinced that she had not deceived him by falsehood. It appeared that she was a married woman, and the mother of six children! and was, on the night in question, from some dispute or other between them, turned out of doors in the manner above described, by an unfeeling monster, whose wife it was her ill fate to be!! An instance like this of calm, deliberate brutality, can scarcely find its parallel in the historic records of base and unprincipled cruelty to the female sex, and is one which humanity sickens to contemplate.

Montreal Herald of Nov. 12.

From the *Woodstock (Vt.) Sentinel*, Nov. 12.
Mr. John Chais, of this county, aged 63, and his wife in the 70th year of her age, have like Abraham and Sarah of old, been blessed with a child to support them in the wane of life. The good old lady was safely delivered of a fine boy a few days ago.

From the *Frederonia, Chatham Co. Ga. Courier*, of Nov. 9.

MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. An unusual excitement has been created in this town, by the disappearance, last night, of Thomas Bull, Esq. an old and respectable inhabitant. A few minutes before his disappearance he wrote an article, from which we have been permitted to make the following extract, in which he takes leave of his wife and children, and discloses his intentions.

PURPORT, Nov. 8th, 1825.
"Adieu, my dear beloved wife, I say an everlasting farewell. Selma, Sally, Joan, Miranda, Harriet, Colman, Harriet and Thomas, eternally farewell; on you that twine about my heart; but my days are filled, and in a few moments I shall go the way of all the earth. Spend no time in looking for me, for the place is sure for my dust to lay in. Now with a heart perfectly clear of doing any wrong to any one, and I hope in every respect, to forgive those that have injured me, may God reward them according to what they have done me."

Although considerable search has been made he has not been found: a more general search is to be made to-morrow. No cause can be assigned for this step. He was in easy circumstances, and had been married but a few months to his second wife.

A very unfortunate accident occurred on the 19th ult. in the family of Mr. Hugh R. Kendall, baker, in Water-street, Boston.—His son, a lad of about 15 years of age, had loaded a pistol with pieces of lead, for killing rats, which infested the premises—taking it into his hands for the purpose of examining it, and showing it to a favorite little sister, it being a new purchase, and without recollecting it was loaded, he pulled the trigger, and the pistol was suddenly discharged. The contents thereof tore away the left side of her face, which was laid entirely open, and her life is despaired of. She is about eight years old. The young man is extremely afflicted with the disastrous occurrence.—*Best. Eve. Gaz.*

Extract of a letter from Miramachi, Oct. 13:—"The extent of damage done by the fire is now ascertained—it does not appear that the loss of lives, although awful, has been so great as at first feared—whole parties supposed to have perished, survive without injury. I think from 110 to 120 lost their lives on the night of the conflagration, and 30 or 40 have since died, a number for want of medical aid and nourishment."—*St. John paper.*

We understand that the Banks in this city, for the last twelve months, have received on deposit, of country Bank notes, upwards of 25 millions of dollars, and been at the expense, trouble and risk of sending them home by agents, and exchanging them for N. York funds. Of the New-Haven Bank, they were for a long time in the habit of demanding specie for their notes and it is a pity they had not continued to do so to the end of the chapter. They probably then would not have had to pocket the loss of between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars. After this, who can blame our Banks for resolving to take no longer country Bank notes of their customers on deposit.

N. Y. Eve. Post.
It is stated with unshaken confidence, (says the *New-York Evening Post*), and as the result of actual and repeated experience, that a half tumbler of gin sling, well covered with powdered nutmeg, proves a speedy and an efficacious styptic in that dangerous and alarming complaint, a bleeding of the lungs. It was the discovery of accident, but has never been known to fail, though often tried, even when all other known means have been resorted to in vain.

At the American Academy of Fine Arts, N. York, instruction is given gratuitously.—A course of Lectures on the Anatomy of Expression is about to be delivered.

SURVIVORS. The *Providence*, a Portuguese vessel, was totally lost on the north-west edge of Corva Grand Bank, on her passage from Rio Janeiro to Maranham, and out of forty-two persons on board, only the captain, mate, seven men, and three passengers saved.—The *Master*, Rose, of Batavia, from Isle of France, upset and sunk, in lat. 5, lon. 99, and out of forty persons (crew and passengers,) only six saved.—The *Two Brothers*, from Grenada, for London, was totally lost, in lat. 48 1-2, lon. 29, and all perished except the captain, one man, and a boy, who were on deck, and saved themselves on a raft of bamboos, and were picked up five days after, but the boy had died four hours before.

Cotton Speculation.—The late fluctuations in the cotton market, it is said owe their origin to the management of a single house in London. The Rothschilds, having immense sums in the stocks at a high price, gradually sold out. Receiving in their cash, they sent 30,000l. to a house in Liverpool, the same amount to another house in that place, and 10,000l. to a firm in New-York. With this capital they gave their agents instructions to purchase up cotton and to advance rapidly, every day in price, as low as the funds lasted—their names all the time were to be kept secret from the public. The plan it seems took effect. Every body rushed into the cotton speculation, and the Rothschilds re-invested their funds in the stocks, which had fallen in price, making by the scheme several hundred thousand pounds sterling. This no doubt was sport to them; but it has been death to thousands.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

We learn from the London John Bull of Sept. 26, that Mr. Brougham has serious intentions of visiting America. If he should come to this country, he will no doubt be received and entertained with that cordiality and court-ship which he is so eminently entitled to.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1825.

The "Editor of the Observer" is under obligations to the Editors of the *Kennebec Journal*, for their polite invitation to visit Augusta. He assures them that he will start upon his journey as soon as the *Coblessees Canal* is completed. And after taking his dinner and a little wine with the editor of the *Eastern Chronicle*, at Gardiner, he will cross the Kennebec on the Bridge to the Pittston side—take the daily Mail-Stage to Bel- fast—thence, the Steam-Boat which plies on the Canal un-tiling "the Penobscot with the Chaudiere" to Que- bec—shall then take the "daily Stage to Waterville"— there take a view of some of the numerous Brigs, Schooners, and Sloops—then come to Augusta—spend a few weeks there, during the Session of the Legisla- ture—and return home (via Portland) in the Spring, by the Steam-Boat which will run from Augusta to Waterville, on the Cumberland & Oxford Canal.

Mr. EVERETT, our Minister in Spain, delivered his credentials in "due form;" and according to custom, on similar occasions, he also delivered "an address." It was delivered in Spanish, and a translation of it was made in Spanish, which has been published in this country, and has been the cause of eliciting some "per- tinent remarks" from different editors of newspapers. But it seems that the translation has turned out to be a "bad one;" and consequently, the *knowings ones* have been taken in. We give below the "orthodox version," which certainly does honor to the talents of Mr. Everett, or his translator.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

OFFICIAL.

Address of Mr. EVERETT, Minister to the United States of Spain, on presenting to the King his letters of cre- dence:

[TRANSLATION.]

SIR: The President of the United States of Amer- ica has done me the honor to appoint me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near your Majesty, and has directed me to present you this let- ter of credence. I venture to hope that your Majes- ty will receive me with the same kindness which you have always shown to my predecessors. Without possessing equal personal claims to your indulgence, I shall, at least, endeavor to merit it, by discharging the duties of my office, as far as may be, in a manner agreeable to your Majesty.

The President has also directed me to assure your Majesty, upon this occasion, of the sincere respect and good will which are entertained by the Govern- ment and the people of the United States for the au- gust person of your Majesty, for your Royal family, and for the nation under your Government. The President has no other wish than to concur with your Majesty in adopting all suitable measures for main- taining and extending the amicable intercourse that already exists between Spain and the United States. The geographical position of these two countries in- vites them to carry on an active commerce, which tends, in its turn, to encourage the industry and promote the welfare of both.—Placed, as regards some of their most valuable possessions, in the immediate neighborhood of each other, they seem to have been intended by nature for friends and allies.—The Gov- ernment of the United States will use all proper ex- ertions for giving effect to these benevolent designs of Providence, and they have no reason to doubt that corresponding sentiments of amity and good will are all felt by your Majesty.

The President has entrusted me with full powers to settle with your Majesty's Ministers the questions which have lately arisen between the two govern- ments. I shall think myself truly fortunate if my feeble efforts should be of any service in arranging these differences to the satisfaction and advantage of both parties.

I pray your Majesty to allow me to offer you, per- sonally, the assurance of my perfect respect, and my best wishes for your Majesty's welfare.

EXECUTOR OF REYNOLDS.—Our readers will recol- lect that we published, some weeks since, an account of the murder of Capt. West in New-York. James Reynolds was arrested and finally convicted of the murder; and in pursuance of such conviction, was sentenced to be hung on Saturday the 19th ultimo. Subsequent to his conviction and while in prison he made a full confession of his crime to one of the Clergymen in New-York city, and also to some others. Reynolds was a native of Massachusetts and has a father, brothers and sisters now living. His mother died about five years since. The following is a copy of a letter he wrote to his wife just before his execution:

My Dear Wife.—Our union on earth has been but of short duration—death will soon dissolve it, and launch my poor soul into a world of spirits. (In the 22d year of my age.) Before you receive this letter I shall be in eternity, never to see you again in this life, but I hope to meet you where we shall part no more fore- ever. There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest—there the prisoner is free from his chains, and the servant from his master. We read that all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and that sorrow and sighing shall be experienced no more by us. It is appointed unto men first to die, and after death the judgment, where we shall have to render the most strict account of all the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad. I have been condemned to die by a temporal judge, but if I should be consigned by the Judge of all the earth to ever- lasting burning, it would be still more awful. I wish to inform you, my dear, that I am not at all afraid of that—my angry Judge is more reconciled to me—I have pardoned all my sins, given me the complete vic- tory over death, hell, and the grave—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Thanks be to God who has given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive the blessing which I have received.

Let me now beseech you not to put back the day of your merciful visitation until you come to a death bed, for then it may be forever too late: come to the blessed Saviour as you are a sinner, forever lost with- out an interest in the precious blood, which is sufficient to wash away all your sins. He never cast out any poor soul who came to him. Come unto me, says He, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, and though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as snow in the blood of the Lamb, and of a crimson die, they shall be like wool. Remem- ber, David, Manassah, Mary Magdalen, Peter, and Saul of Tarsus, all these obtained mercy and are now in Heaven, and so may you. My dear, let me tell you, in plain language, that you must be born again before you can die happy or enter the Kingdom of Heaven

—see John 3, 3. Our blessed Lord has said so in the most forcible language, and will you not believe your precious Saviour, who has never told a lie, nor was guile ever found in his mouth. A few weeks ago I could hardly believe this blessing possible in this life, until I was fully convinced of it by Mr. Roy, a minis- ter of the Methodist church in this city. Glory to God in the highest, I now know and feel it to be a fact beyond all doubt. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom, "I, James Rey- nolds, am chief." O that I had my days to live over again, and then they should be all spent in the service of God, but it is too late, my days are past, my pur- poses are ended, and I am gone forever, never to re- turn until the general resurrection. My last, my dy- ing request to you, my dear, is to prepare to meet thy God. This will be sent to you by the clergyman alluded to.—I have made a free and a full confession of all my guilt to him; he will publish it in one of the papers on the day of my execution and not before, that my mind may not be disturbed with it while living. I wish you to call and see him, and he will tell you how to come to Jesus, that you may be saved. I pray God to reward him and the keeper, for their kind at- tention to me during my confinement.

The surgeons may have my poor body, but my Sa- viour will have my precious soul. I see angels in my room at night, ready to carry it to Abraham's bosom, the moment it is separated from the body. There has been something revealed to me a few nights ago, from the invisible world, which I am bound to keep secret from any person but one man. I am happy, happy—farewell—I am yours while living, and shall be equal- ly so when dying. JAMES REYNOLDS.

EARLY RISING.—We perceive a notice for the sale of Pews in a new Meeting-house, in New-Castle, in this State. The sale is to take place this day at six o'clock this morning. The people are early risers "down east."

A NEW MEDICINE.—Mr. DAVID M. REES mentions that *sawing wood* has proved of singular efficacy in the cure of persons afflicted with pulmonary com- plaints. We guess, was this medicine made general use of, that patients would not be quite so plenty as they now are.

SUBSCRIBERS FOR BOOKS.—We copy into our pa- per below the remarks of the editor of the "*Bellows Falls Intelligencer*, on this subject. We took occasion, a few weeks since, to insert a few remarks of our own, on the same subject, which were not so well received by those interested in procuring subscribers for Books. However, if a person will let another cheat him after he has had due notice given him, he is not to be pitied.

"SIR, YOU ARE A SUBSCRIBER."

Said a tall gaunt figure as he presented us with a volume purporting to be a biographical dictionary, containing the lives of the most eminent men of every age and nation. We turned to survey the stranger, whose gigantic form seemed to possess a *ten horse power*, and ourself being but the common strength and stature of man, we showed no disposition to deny the assertion. We felt the sense of danger and there- fore resolved not to encounter it. A collision with such a mass of bone and flesh would be like the risk of riding upon the stormy and faithless ocean, with nothing but a slender board to preserve us from de- struction, therefore we conceded that his claim was just, and paid the subscription, which amounted to \$1.75, for one of the most rascally impositions ever practised upon the public.

This work (Biographical Dictionary) is a high rela- tion to Robbins' Journal, President Monroe's Tour, American Biography, Life of La Fayette, Napoleon Bonaparte, and a host of other wretched literature which has been issued from the press in Connecticut—that land of wooden clocks, and nutmegs, and ped- lars—for the last seven or eight years. There is not, in the whole list of grievances which are stored for the affliction of man, a more intolerable nuisance than a person with a subscription in his hand solici- ting the honor of your name for the purpose of patron- izing literature. His talisman is offortery—there is no escape from him—and he is such an adept in deceit, that one in order to avoid his importunities will sign for his worthless trash. In fact, the instances of im- position, resulting from subscribing for Books which we are not acquainted with, are innumerable, but we are unable to cite only a few. The first which we have any recollection of, was Mirandi's Expedition. This work was first published in Boston, but in conse- quence of its worthless nature was condemned, and as thousands of them were left upon the publisher's hands dead stock. A few years ago a speculator bought them—sent his runners into the country—procured subscribers at \$1 each—pasted in a new title page, and delivered the work according to the time speci- fied. The feelings enjoyed by the subscribers after dis- covering the fraud practised upon them were by no means enviable.

A short time since proposals were issued for pub- lishing a splendid folio Bible, in numbers, at 12 1-2 cents per number, to be embellished with elegant en- gravings, &c. The apparent cheapness of the work—only 12 1-2 cents per number—induced many, who were really unable, to patronize the work; but after the delivery of one or two numbers it was found more convenient to embody eight into one, thus in a meas- ure, varying the terms of the subscription; for a ma- jority of the subscribers being of the laboring class, were led to subscribe under the conviction that they might obtain an elegant edition of the Bible without feeling the expense. But when the publishers came to alter their mode of delivery, and instead of one number per week at 12 1-2 cents, the subscribers had to pay for eight, at one dollar, the work became a heavy tax, and this cheap bible, after its completion and bound, cost at least \$24! The plates were ordi- nary—badly designed and worse executed, many of which had been used in other works. The same bib- les can now be purchased for half the price paid by subscribers.

Hardly were the public recovered from the smart, proceeding from the last imposition, when they were again insulted with another subscription paper for the works of Josephus, in numbers. A history of the management in this affair, our limits will not permit us to give—suffice it to observe, that while subscrib- ers were paying \$11 87 1-2 for the work in sheets, the same edition was selling in Boston for \$7 toll bound, and good handsome editions could be procured for four dollars.

The success which attended the Boston speculators persuaded certain others in Connecticut to go and do likewise, and accordingly subscription hunters were foraging in every part of the country with proposals for the Life of La Fayette, at \$1.75—then came American Biography, \$1.75—followed up by the Life of Bolivar, \$1.75—and last came Biographical Dic- tionary, \$1.75, for which we were a subscriber.

The proposals for the last work stated that it was to be embellished with twenty portraits, copied from European Engravings. There were twenty portraits— but mark the excellent piece of dupery practised. Instead of being of the common size, the whole num-

ber were within the compass of a duodecimo page, and as miserable caricatures as ever came from the hands of an engraver. Were the portraits the only imposition we might be induced to accept the work, but the biographies are still worse. The life of Wash- ington is comprised in six lines, and that of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, in about the same number; the biography of Franklin, written in a much better style, will be found in many of the catch- penny publications which originated twenty-five years ago, while more than three-fourths of the book is filled up with notices of men, whom ninety-nine sub- scribers out of a hundred will never be wiser for. We give a specimen:

"COSTA, John, professor of law at Cahors, died in 1637."

"COTES, Francis, an English painter in oil and crayons, died 1716."

"CRITOLAS, a Greek Historian."

"CRITO, one of the pupils and friends of Socrates."

"HERO 1, King of Syracuse 478 B. C. celebrated by the pen of Pindar."

Such is the work which subscribers have been pay- ing one dollar and seventy-five cents for—a work from which they can neither derive profit nor instructions. Such scandalous impositions we trust will have a ten- dency to correct former abuses and guard the people against their repetition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C's communication will have place next week. The favor from the "*Mountain of Weld*," has come to hand. We think the subject a good one, and con- siderable talent displayed in the treatment of it. It will appear in our next. The lines "*In Autumn*," will appear soon.

Married.

In Hallowell, James P. Boyd, Esq. of Portland, to Miss Harriet Dummer, of the former place. In Portland, on Sunday evening last, by Elder Sam- uel Rand, Rev. RUSSELL STREETER, Pastor of the first Universalist Church in that town, to Miss FAUSTINA COOK.

J. HASKELL,

Middle-street, (two doors from Exchange-street,) PORTLAND,

HAS just received a Large Stock of GOODS in his line—AMONG THEM ARE—

Colored and Natural

Fur and Hair Seal CAPS.

NUTRA AND CLOTH CAPS.

Ladies' Beaver Bonnets.

White, Black, Drab and Fancy

OSTRICH PLUMES.

OSTRICH AND FUR TRIMMING.

SEAL COLLARS.

Seal Gloves and Moccasins.

SUPERFINE, FINE AND LOW PRICED

HATS.

ALSO—A few Bales

BUFFALO ROBES.

THE above are of superior quality and are offered VERY LOW.

Nov. 22. 2m 74

Hats, Caps, & Buffalo Robes.

BYRON GREENOUGH,

Corner of Free and Middle-streets, PORTLAND,

HAS just received his FALL STOCK—Comprising an EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

HATS & FUR CAPS

of almost every description, which will be sold WHOLE- SALE or RETAIL, as low as can be purchased at any Store in this State—for Cash or approved Credit.

Purchasers will find it for their advantage to call. ALSO—A few Bales Superior

BUFFALO ROBES.

WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW.

N. B.—Cash and the Highest Price paid for HATTING & SHIPPING FURS.

Dec. 1. 74

Removal.

GEORGE HILL

HAS removed to the store lately occupied by Mr. Royal Lincoln, No. 2, Exchange-street, where he has for sale a general assortment of

Foreign and Domestic Goods,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Portland, Nov. 18. 74

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having been unable to accomplish the proposed alteration in his business the present season, has received on consignment, the follow- ing articles, Scotch and Tartan Plaids—Red, Green and Yellow Flannels—Satinetts—Bombazetts—Caroline Plaids, at thirty-seven and a half cents per yard—American Cal- icoes—English Calicoes, new style—Valencia and Cas- simere Shawls—Bandanna, Flag, Black Silk, and Cotton Handkerchiefs—Cravats—Merino Points—Ruffs—Swiss Muslin Points—Laces—Ribbons—Sew- ing Silk and Twist—French Braids—Perrets—Cambric and other Threads—Dimities—Tabby Velvets, various colors—Buckram—Brown Linen—Worsted Hose— Quality and Shoe Binding—Italian Grape—Pressed Grape—Black and White Cambric—Muslins—Green Gaiize, for veils—Reticule Clasp—Waist Buckles— Clasps—Hooks and Eyes—Watch Chains and Keys— Cloth Head and Tooth Brushes—Lavender Soap— Coat and Vest Buttons, very low—Supper Buttons— Button Moulds—Cheap Whips—Whip Thongs—Jap- pan Blacking—Blackball—Pomatum, &c. &c.

All the above with many other articles will be sold at prices which cannot fail to suit—for cash only. ASA BARTON, Agent.

Dec. 1.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

THE MAIL from this place to Portland, will be closed at 8 o'clock on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. And the Mail from this place through Buck- field, Hartford, Livermore, Canton, and Sumner, at 8 o'clock, on Wednesday evening of each week—until further notice. R. HUBBARD, P. M.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the *Oxford Bookstore*, (whose term of credit has expired,) are now in- formed, that circumstances beyond the control of the subscriber, make it indispensably necessary that the same, whether large or small, be paid (by the 15th of December next,) if they would avoid further trouble. ASA BARTON, Agent.

Paris, Nov. 23.

GREAT LUCK.

ON SATURDAY last the drawing of the 5th Class CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY took place, when No. 1595 came up a PRIZE of 3000 DOLLARS, and was sold in Quarters and Eighths at the truly FORTUNATE OFFICE of ELIAS SHAW.

One Quarter sold to a man in the country—one eighth to an apprentice in town—one do. to a young lady.

In the short space of one month E. S. has sold upwards of FOUR THOUSAND DOL- LARS worth of Prizes, and paid as they were presented, WITHOUT DISCOUNT. TICKETS in Class No. 6, are for sale in a great variety of Numbers.

A Brilliant Scheme!!

1 Prize of \$5,000
2 Prizes of 1,000
2 do. of \$500—2 do. of \$100
20 do. of \$50—32 do. of \$20
149 do. of \$10.

Adventurers desirous of procuring Capitals in the above will do well to apply personally or by let- ter, immediately.

Holders of Prize Tickets, signed by any vender in town, are requested to call and exchange them for Tickets in the 6th Class.

*Present price of Tickets, Wholes \$4 50—Halves \$2 50—Quarters \$1 25—Eighths 63 cents.

Portland, Nov. 1. 72

TICKETS & PARTS,

FOR sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, in the 5th Class of the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery.

Present price of Tickets, Wholes \$4 50—Quarters \$1 25. Paris, Nov. 17.

JOHN K. HALE,

NO. 1.....MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS, MIDDLE-STREET.....PORTLAND;

HAS just received an Elegant Assortment of European, India & American

DRY GOODS,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW for Cash or approved credit.

Wanted, From Twelve to Fourteen Hundred yards of COUNTRY FLANNEL,

for which Goods will be given at the lowest Cash Price. Oct. 27.—3m 69

KINNE'S ARITHMETIC.

JUST published by GLAZIER & CO., and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, a short system of PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC,

compiled from the best authorities; to which is an- nexed a short plan of BOOK-KEEPING.

The whole designed for the use of Schools. By WIL- LIAM KINNE, A. M. Fifth edition, improved, with Questions on every part of Arithmetic, and a compen- dious system of Tax Making. Revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged by DANIEL ROBINSON. Dec. 1.

TAKE NOTICE.

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber, about two months since, a Last Spring CALF, of a dark brindle color, with a white tail and one white hind leg. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

JOSEPH JACKSON. Paris, Nov. 23. 74

To the Honorable Senate and House of Represen- tatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature as- sembled, A. D. 1825.

THE Petition of the subscribers humbly represents, that a Bridge across the Androscoggin Riv- er, upon the County road running from Paris in the County of Oxford, to Augusta in the County of Ken- nebec, and connecting the North part of Turner with the town of Leeds, would be of great public con- venience and utility, and that the expense of build- ing and maintaining such Bridge is too great to be borne by the said towns of Turner and Leeds; your Petitioners therefore respectfully pray, that they to- gether with such as may hereafter associate with them for that purpose, may be incorporated into a body, politic, in order to enable them to erect and maintain such Bridge; and that they may be author- ized to collect and receive such just and reasonable toll, upon all passengers across said Bridge, as shall be necessary to defray the expenses of building and keeping the same in good repair; and that they may be invested with all the rights and powers usually conferred upon such incorporations, and as in duty bound your Petitioners will ever pray, &c. &c.

SILVANUS ANDREWS, EDWARD BLAKE, ISAAC LEAVITT, JOSHUA WHITMAN, AARON BROWN, WARREN RICHMOND, SETH BEALS, GIDEON O'LEN, NATHANIEL PERLEY, AARON SOULE.

The above is published that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the Petitioners should not be granted without further order of notice. EDWARD BLAKE, per order.

Nov. 3, 1825. 72

JUST received, and for sale at the Oxford Book- store, Anderson's Cough Drops—Dean's Rheu- matic Pills—Lee's Family Pills, warranted fresh and good—Thompson's Celebrated Eyewater—British O. I. Piers—Camphor—Liquorice—Opodeldock—J. H. Ointment—Rolf's Botanical Drops—Rolf's Asthmatic Pills—Court Plaster, &c. Dec. 1.

POETRY.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY, A. M.

It was the wild midnight—
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed-in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, in silence, gathered round
The leader of the field!

He spoke no warrior word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared
And they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain's side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide,
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased to moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw,
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill;
A host glared on the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the Persian turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on,
Where the fiery torrent roll'd,
Till like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet there;
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave!
That feast must be your last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyre
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crowned Xerxes' twilight brow;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high—
Then, hand in hand they drank,
"To immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrow shower,
Till sank the Doric target.

They gather'd round the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their Persian loud replied:

Thus fought the Greek of old!
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

THE MAIL STAGE.

A countryman, for recreation's sake,
To see the city would a journey take
Some dozen miles, or very little more,
Taking his leave of friends two months before.

Dr. Merriam.

Made a fine breakfast this morning on my favorite dish of coffee and eggs, and left the little village of D— just after sunrise, in quite an easy sort of rattling vehicle, called the Mail Stage. Seven passengers besides myself—five inside and two outside. Curious animals—never saw them before in my life, yet in twenty minutes was as well acquainted with them all as they were with each other, which (with leave be it spoken) was pretty well. A square, thick-set, soldier-like, elderly looking gentleman, with short arms, crane neck, club head, piggy eyes, and a little nose, dressed in semi-military regiments—a superannuated coquette, who, from her soft looks and languishing manners, must have been a great belle in her time—and an elegant little fashionable, sixteen or thereabouts, gay, lively and loud as a lark—were all huddled together upon the back seat; a New-York dandy, of the first water, and an ultra Cambridge pedant, on the middle; myself on the third; and two honest sons of Neptune on the dicky, one at the right, and the other at the left hand of the driver. The generous fare, no finchings at the bottle, and ever prompt at a dram, were rather merry for the first hour of the day, and by dint of telling

of the pretty sweethearts they had left, and the prettier ones they were going to meet with, easily kept the driver in almost as jovial a mood as themselves; or, to say the least, he would ever and anon crack a joke with them, give a loud ha, ha, and then smack his whip again. But without paying much attention to the sailors, the gentlemen inside naturally made their court to the ladies, more especially to the youngest, thereby causing the maiden to exhibit not a few signs of jealousy. The old soldier, led on by the arch rogue Cupid, appeared full of fire, youth and bravery, flourished his hands, looked knowing, and made sideways nods to the little Miss; talked of duels, honor, fought all his battles o'er and o'er again, and showed his scars. The dandy began by endeavoring to brow-beat the veteran, hinted something about bravery where there is no danger, and consigned, with the most perfect nonchalance, all men-at-arms to the tomb of the capulets; laughed frequently and heartily, spoke of the fashions and gallantries of the age, of balls, assemblies, routs, jams and parties, of the races at New-York, the breezes of Nahant, and finally concluded by declaring that he was that moment on his way from the Springs. The scholar shook his head several times with great solemnity, looked wise and learned even to profundity, stroked his downy chin with as much rigidity of muscle and gravity of face as if he was actually possessed of a beard two or three inches long! descended upon the mouldering temples and monuments of Greece and Rome—the catacombs, mausoleums, labyrinths and pyramids of Egypt; compared the literature, statesmen, heroes, gods and demi-gods, of olden and later times; spoke freely in epigrams; quoted whole lines from Virgil, Homer, Horace, et cetera; and appealed every now and then to me for the justness of his remarks: while I, observing the cautious countenance of the old maid, and the warm spirit of rivalry and even animosity that was rising up among the gentlemen, and at the same time wishing that no further harm might come therefrom, heartily congratulated the soldier upon his valor, admired the taste of the dandy, wondered at the research and learning of the student, breathed a whisper or two to the spinster, and ogled and ogled her companion. In the mean time we were riding over bushes and stumps, sticks and stones, up hill and down, at the rate of 9 miles an hour; for the driver, roused by the adventurous stories of the sailors, must necessarily give them a specimen of his skill and prowess in driving, and in good truth had nigh done it with a witness, for just as we were passing the bridge over the N—, nearly opposite the half-way house in the thriving town of C—, the fore-leaders suddenly reared, bolted, and plunged into the stream. Luckily, however, the harness gave way as they fell, else we should have all been precipitated with them. I jumped out of the vehicle in a great fright, assisted in getting the poor animals out of the water, scolded the driver for his carelessness, quelled the fears of the ladies, and walked with them up to the hotel. "Dinner's ready!" vociferated the landlord, the moment we passed the threshold, and in a twinkling all, save the old maid, were seated at the dining-table. As a matter of common civility, we were in the first place sedulously employed in waiting upon the young lady. "A fine roast beef this," said the dandy—"shall I have the pleasure of helping you to a piece of the tender loin, my dear?" "The wing of a chicken and part of the breast, Mademoiselle?" whispered the student. "A thin slice of ham?" muttered the veteran, half-deavouring it with his eyes as he spoke. And at the same time each one thrust into her plate whatever he held on his fork. "A warm potato, Miss?" said I, (determined not to be surpassed in politeness by my fellow passengers,) holding one a moment or two upon the point of my knife, and then, after whirling it in the air, thrusting it into her plate, as my companions had done before me. In this manner we fairly filled her plate to the brim, (for the little rogue of a fashionable pretended to be too bashful to refuse any thing offered her,) so that it might have been well said of us—

"The fingers of each had been in her dish." Having thus bountifully supplied her ladyship, we naturally looked at each other, as much as to say, "Now, every one for himself, and he who gets the most shall be the best fellow." Accordingly we immediately fell to, *cum clamore*; rattling knives and forks, breaking dishes, turning over wine glasses and bottles, &c. &c. "Here, Tom, Dick, Harry, or whatever your name is, bring me a piece of brown bread—I never eat any other," vociferated the Continental, "and fill up my tumbler again with cider." "And, waiter, pass that old cheese down this way—it is good for digestion," articulated the pedant, "and get me another glass of porter." "And, waiter, get me a goblet half full of brandy, with ice in it—I always drink brandy at dinner," ejaculated the dandy; "none of your stale beer and sour cider for me. The one gives you a red nose, and the other a vinegar face. And, waiter, a leg of that boiled fowl there, and a spoonful of that oyster sauce with it. And, waiter, have you no oysters! Well, then, take your fowl back again, and get another plate, and ask that gentleman in black to cut me off some of the ham. And, waiter, a clean knife to cut my bread with, and a napkin—I shall soil my new overalls. And, waiter, hand the castors—and stop, have you no sauce *aux champignons*? Then take this butter-boat off—I don't want every thing in my way—and stop, waiter, stick my fork into a meaty potato." At length, after much cutting and slashing of meats, and calling and re-calling of servants, and spilling and spattering of soups and sauces, we were provided with all the various things that

"Please the palate and satisfy the appetite!" and had actually begun, (as Dr. Kitchener has it.) "To masticate, denticulate, chump, grind and swallow," when suddenly twang—twang—twang, went the stage horn, followed by half a dozen guttural sounds of "Passengers, halloo! Passengers—passengers for the mail-stage, halloo! halloo!" "Jupiter omnipotens! have they changed horses already? I've not eat three mouthfuls yet!" ejaculated the pedant, gobbling down every thing within his reach. "Nor I, either," vociferated the soldier, with as much distinctness of articulation as a month crammed with eatables would permit. "Here, waiter, another slice of pudding and more cider." "And, waiter, bring me another goblet of brandy," drawled the dandy, guzzling down all that remained of what he had just obtained. "And faith, this is not worth drinking—get some of your real Cognac—I never drink any other—none of your wine and water potations for me. And, waiter, what in the deuce have you done with my napkin?" wiping his greasy hands upon the table-cloth—"and take away my plate—and, waiter, hand me a custard—and a small silver spoon too—do—do you think I eat with my fingers, sirrah?"—"Again the stage horn (twanged, and once more "Passengers! passengers for the mail-stage, halloo!" was vociferated from the yard of the inn. "Coming, coming," several bawled out at once, and in an instant we all jumped from the table, paid the landlord his reckoning in less time than we had eat up his dinner, and bundled into the coach one after another, muttering and grumbling at the impatience of stagemen, when passengers happen to be hungry. Fresh horses and driver, and away we go, over sticks and stones, up hill and down hill again. The gentlemen soon renewed their devotions to the ladies—Minded them as little as possible. Took in two new passengers at the town of A—, a gentleman and lady—lovers by appearance, for they kept pinching fingers, padding palms, toying and cooing with each other all the time. Talked with the lady, endeavored to make her *beau jealous*—but found it would not do. Towards sun-down descried a considerable cloud of dust, which at once proclaimed to us that we were drawing nearer and nearer to the city of notions. The good roads, fine country seats, pavilions and cottages, the numerous stores, churches, and public buildings, &c. &c. in and about the suburbs, all conspire to give a stranger some idea of the appearance of the metropolis itself. Caught a glimpse of "Harvard"—(*alma mater!* under whose protecting wings I have spent the best and happiest days of my life!) in the distance, on my left. We went two miles out of the way to leave the old maid. Rumbled over Cambridge bridge, without any accident—arrived in Boston just as the clock was striking nine—was dropped down in S—street in five minutes after, and forthwith took lodgings with mine host of the Coach and Horses.

Some Boatmen on Connecticut river, being overtaken with bad weather, secured their boat at night, and went to a neighboring house to find shelter. The family, where they put up, consisted of an old man, his wife, and several sons and daughters nearly of age. After supper the old man handed a bible to one of his sons and directed him to read a chapter before prayers. Elijah obeyed, and opened at Daniel chapter 3, and at the 12th verse, read the names nearly as follows:—"S-hed-ra-ck-ch! Me-s-hec-k-ch! A-bed-ne-gro-ch!" The old gentleman perceiving his embarrassment, said, "that is Latin, Lijah, you should skip it. I thought you knewed enough to skip latin when you come to it." Elijah proceeded, but soon came to a full stop, and turning to his father, said, "here comes the three D's again! what shall I do with them, father?"

HORSE STEALING.—Harlequin, in a comedy, says to Scapin, who complains that he has been punished by the law: "But why did you take it into your head to steal a horse in broad daylight?" "I stealing!" replies Scapin, "you wrong me to speak thus: my master had just sent me on an errand, when I found in a lane a horse that stopped the passage. I was going to pass to find him, when they called to me; 'Take care, he will kick you.' I wanted to pass before him, when I was told 'Do not go before him, he will bite you.' I then saw myself obliged, for fear of being kicked or bitten, to pass over him. I actually put a foot in the stirrup, and crossed a foot over him. But, what do you think! that cursed horse ran away, and carried me twenty leagues farther."

A fashionable Doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes, (said one of the party,) it has been announced in one of the Journals."—"Ah! (said the Doctor, stretching his neck very importantly,) pray in what terms?"—"In what terms! Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.' The Doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down, till his head nearly touched his shoulders; and shortly after he was missed from the saloon, to the no small diversion of the company.—*Nat. Gaz.*

LAW AND THE PROPHETS.—A dispute about precedence once arose between a Bishop and a Judge, and after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of scripture, we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," said the Bishop, "you hang first!"

MAINE FARMERS' ALMANACK for 1826.

FOR SALE at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, by the gross, dozen or single, on the best terms.
Sold also—By Messrs. Morse & Hall, Maj. John Den-nett, Lt. Ebenezer Drake, Jr., Jaisus Shaw, Esq., Capt. Alfred Andrews, and Thomas Crocker, Esq., Parry, John Loring, Esq., Zadoc Long, Nathan Atwood, and Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., Buckfield—John R. Fogg, Esq., Woodstock—Moses Bartlett, Bethel—Messrs. Crocker & Crocker, Rumford—Lt. Ichabod Bartlett, Norway—Cyrus Shaw, Esq., Hebron—and by Traders generally.
Nov. 10.

PROBATE NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.—On the tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

SAMUEL STICKNEY, of Brownfield, Gentleman, naming Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of JOHN STICKNEY, late of Brownfield, in said County, Esq., deceased, having presented the same for Probate: ORDERED—That the said SAMUEL STICKNEY give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned, in the Town of Porter, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection, to the undersigned Collector of said town of Porter for the year 1825, in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of persons	Range	No. of lots	Value	Tax	Diff. High	Sum Total
Unknown,	A.	14	160	125	2	17
Do.	16	100	200	3	48	3
Do.	19	100	100	1	74	1
Unknown,	B.	10	40	50	2	10
Unknown,	C.	8	30	60	1	04
Do.	12	44	44	76	0	76
Do.	15	100	150	2	61	2
Do.	16	100	100	1	74	1
Do.	17	100	100	1	74	1
Do.	18	100	100	1	74	1
Unknown,	D.	11	135	250	4	35
Do.	12	50	00	1	04	1
Do.	14	135	135	2	34	2
Do.	16	135	150	2	61	2
Do.	17	135	150	2	61	2
Do.	18	135	150	2	61	2
Unknown,	E.	16	100	150	2	61
F.	10	50	62	1	07	1
Do.	8	140	140	2	43	2
Do.	4	140	175	3	04	3
Do.	3	140	175	3	04	3
G.	13	200	225	3	91	4
Do.	2	117	117	2	03	4

The said Collector will proceed according to law to sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, on the seventh day of December next, at the dwelling-house of the subscriber, in said town of Porter, so much of the said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

JORDAN STACY, Collector as aforesaid.
Porter, Oct. 25th, 1825.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled, on the first Wednesday of January, A. D. 1825.

HUMILY shew the subscribers, inhabitants of the town of Norway, in the County of Oxford, that they are owners of the lot of land numbered Six in the first range of lots in the town of Paris, and that they with other inhabitants of Norway, own a large part of lot numbered Seven in the first range of lots in said Paris, that said lots of land are situated in a remote part of Paris, but near to the village in Norway, that said lands are wanted in small lots for the use of the inhabitants of Norway Village, and that it is inconvenient to the owners to pay the taxes on said lands while they belong to Paris; they therefore pray your Honors that said lots of land may be taken from the town of Paris, and annexed to the town of Norway, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

LEFT WHITMAN,
JOSEPH SLACKLEY,
MOSES AMES,
DANIEL YOUNG.

Copied by G. B. SMITH, Sec'y of the Senate.

STATE OF MAINE.

In Senate, Jan. 14, 1825.
On the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that the Petitioners cause an attested Copy of their Petition, with this Order thereon, to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days, at least, before the first Wednesday of the first session of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear and show cause, (if any they have,) why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Sent down for concurrence.
JOHN WHEELER, President.
In the House of Representatives, Jan. 14, 1825.
Read and concurred.

JOHN RUGGLES, Speaker.
A true Copy.
Attest, CHARLES B. SMITH, Sec'y of the Senate.

SPECTACLES.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, a good assortment of SPECTACLES.
Nov. 17.

ASA BARTON,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.
No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and at the usual terms.